Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. Theſe are but wild and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am ſorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patricke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this viſion here,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you;
For your deſire to know what is betweene us
Ore-maſter't as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore requeſt.

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make knowne what you have ſeene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but ſwear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſaiſt thou ſo? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Conſent to ſweare.

Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeake of this that you have ſeene,
Sweare by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Hic & ubique, then wee'll ſhift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my ſword:
Sweare by my ſword.
Never to ſpeake of this that you have heard.

Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, canſt thou worke i'th earth ſo faſt?

A wor-